643. h.6

ENGLAND PRESERVED:

AN

HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE WATSON, Esq.

Utì meminerint, ſe contra latrones, pro patriâ, pro liberis, pro aris atque focis ſuis, certare. SALLUST.

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M DCC XCV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Earl *of* Pembroke, *Protector of England during the minority of Henry the Third*		*Mr. Pope.*
Biſhop of Wincheſter	*of the Protector's party.*	*Mr. Hull.*
Earl of Cheſter		*Mr. Farren.*
Earl of Surrey, *ſon-in-law, and* Earl William Mareſchal, *ſon to* Pembroke	*lately returned to allegiance.*	*Mr. Holman.* / *Mr. Middleton.*
John Plantagenet, *a child, ſon to* Surrey		*Miſs Standen.*
Earl of Lincoln	*of the French party.*	*Mr. Davies.*
The Lord Robert Fitzwalter		*Mr. Richardſon.*
Engliſh Knight - - -		*Mr. Macready.*
French Prince,	*choſen king of England by the barons.*	*Mr. Harley.*
Comte de Nevers	*French lords.*	*Mr. Haymes.*
Viſcomte de Beaumont		*Mr. Clermont.*
French Guard - - - -		*Mr. Powel.*
Lady Surrey, *daughter to* Pembroke		*Miſs Wallis.*

Herald, Meſſengers, Guards, Attendants, &c.

The SCENE lies in different parts of England.

PROLOGUE

TO

ENGLAND PRESERVED.

SPOKEN *by Mr.* MIDDLETON.

OFT, have the ſtories of fictitious woe
Bid, from your eyes, the tear of pity flow;
Oft, have ye ſeen an Eaſtern State o'erthrown,
And made the Monarch's mis'ries, all your own.
Since, thus, in fancied griefs, ye take a part,
And fates of foreign realms can touch your heart,
How muſt ye feel, if void of fiction's veil,
E'en truth itſelf pourtray our mournful tale,
If truth the horrors of the ſcene command,
And ſhew thoſe horrors—in your native land!
Yes, Britons, yes; to-night, our bard preſents
Tales of old times, that teem with great events,
That live, recorded on th' hiſtoric page,
And England's ſelf, the ſubject of the ſtage.
In England's cauſe, ah! who can plead, in vain?
What Engliſh breaſt is cold, to ſuch a ſtrain?
In Greece, the patriot's, ſtateſman's, hero's name
Liv'd on the ſtage, and caught a ſecond fame;
Each modern Grecian own'd the ancient fire,
And burnt to emulate his god-like fire;
Th' electric burſt beſpake the common cauſe,
And ſhook the theatre with one applauſe.
Oh! will not Britons, conſcious of their worth,
Revere the times, that gave their heroes birth,
And, as the ſwelling ſcene, with pride, diſplays
The virtues, glories of thoſe elder days,

Will not they vibrate to the patriot ſtrain,
And feel the Briton glow in ev'ry vein?
You're now, as then; as honeſt, as of old,
As free, though ſocial; though refin'd, as bold;
And, when ye learn, from theſe our ſcenes, to-night,
How firmneſs, union triumph over might;
How, when, by treaſon to your foes betray'd,
This Iſle in ſlav'ry at their feet was laid,
Your Sires, a ſmall, but firm united band,
By freedom ſtrengthen'd, chas'd them from the land;—
Warn'd by the mis'ries of your fathers' fate,
You'll proudly vindicate your happier ſtate,
Smile, from your cliffs, directed by one mind,
At all the efforts of all foes combin'd;
Let none to you preſume to dictate laws,
But, truly free, defend your Country's Cauſe!

ENGLAND PRESERV'D.

ACT I.

SCENE *at Glouceſter. A Hall. Flouriſh.*

Enter the Lord PROTECTOR, *and* CHESTER.

PROTECTOR.

THUS far, 'tis well. Glouceſter hath op'd her gates,
Moſt opportunely, for the Prince. We, here,
May find a preſent ſafety, and retreat,
A momentary calm,—but ſuch, as comes,
Awful, and deep, foreboder of a ſtorm.

CHESTER.

Let the ſtorm burſt; we'll brave it's fulleſt rage.
My Lord Protector, ſtill I cry, to arms!
Nurs'd in the lap of war, and train'd from youth,
To deeds of daring, with great Cœur-de-lion,
In France, in Sicily, in Paleſtine,
To ſcourge the Infidels, contemn the French,
I cannot ſtoop to parley, where I hate.
Old Cheſter's blood revolts againſt theſe Franks,
Againſt their ſlaves, our ſhameleſs traitor Lords.

PROTECTOR.

Since thus defection triumphs thro' the ſtate,
Thou might'ſt as well command the lonely Pine,
Standing defenceleſs on the rocky ſteep,
To ſtop the blaſt, and roll it back to heav'n,
As to oppoſe our ſmall, and wearied band,
Againſt our Barons, while thus leagued with
France.

CHESTER.

Are we, ſubmiſſive then, to hug our chains?

PROTECTOR.

No. Let us try conciliation's pow'r,
Strive to ſubdue our reſtleſs brethren's minds:
The lenient voice of peace may call them home,
And melt the hearts, that war could never tame.

CHESTER.

England, too long by ſcenes of blood debas'd,
Too long to riot, and rebellion loos'd,
Hath loſt, for ever, all her ancient pride.—

PROTECTOR.

And yet to England's pride ſhall Pembroke
truſt.
If that ſhould fail me, welcome then deſpair:
Then, death be glory: But, Oh! native land,
I love

I love thee ſo, with all thy failings, love,
I ſtill muſt truſt thee, when thou'rt leaſt thyſelf.

CHESTER.

But ſhould'ſt thou, in thoſe treach'rous boſoms, plant
Remorſe——

PROTECTOR.

Why, then our happy Iſle is ſav'd,
And foreign tyrants ne'er ſhall vex it more.
Were all united in one common cauſe,
Soon ſhould we ſweep their rabble down our cliffs,
To court the angry waters for retreat.
Then, as the rocky bulwark of our Iſle,
Unſhaken, beats th' aſſailing billows back,
Should we, one people, owning but one cauſe,
Mock their vain efforts to regain our ſhore.

CHESTER.

By heav'n's own light! I venerate thy zeal.
I'll take the hazard of ſuch goodly plans.
(Diſtant ſhouts.)

PROTECTOR.

Ha!—Buſy are the times; each moment claims
Exertion. To my ſacred charge, the prince—

CHESTER.

Firſt let me fly, and learn whence this alarm.

[*Exit.*

The PROTECTOR *alone.*

What more than mortal pow'rs my ſtation claims!
Shaken by age, I totter with its weight;
Yet, while my country calls on me for aid,
I ſtill muſt ſerve her, till death cloſe the ſcene.
Oh! could the cenſuring multitude, but know
The ceaſeleſs cares that wait on him, who rules,
Forbearance would they give, for raſh reproach,
Making an undiſguis'd abuſe of pow'r,
And not misfortune, cauſe of diſcontent.
But thou, all-wiſe Diſpoſer of our fate,
If theſe my labors be for England's good,
Grant them ſucceſs for thy once-favor'd Iſle,
That peace, and union guard her cliffs again!
So, may her name, to diſtant times deſcend,
Rever'd by mortals, and approv'd by thee!
How ſweet this converſe!—My old heart feels now.—

Re-enter CHESTER.

CHESTER.

Arms are abroad. Deſcending to the plain,
A force is ſpied along the neighb'ring heights,
With

With many a banner ſtreaming to the wind,
Whoſe bearings cannot yet be juſtly trac'd.

PROTECTOR.

The ſtrength of France is now at Dover' Caſtle,
Another army cannot ſpring at once,
To meet us in the Weſt.

CHESTER.

Oh! let it come:
Our walls are fully mann'd.

PROTECTOR.

I think each poſt
Sufficient, for a deſperate defence.

CHESTER.

Lo! from our widow'd Queen, in ſorrow, comes
The prelate, Wincheſter.

Enter WINCHESTER.

PROTECTOR.

My rev'rend Lord,
Has this alarm renew'd her Highneſs' fears?

WINCHESTER.

Exhauſted by the horrors of the times,
E'en in the ſanctu'ry, ſhe dreads the worſt:

For there, even there the ſounds of battle ſpread,
And, as the trumpet broke the peaceful pray'r,
She, wildly, to her boſom caught her ſon,
And cried, the murd'rers' daggers were undrawn.

PROTECTOR.

Oh! bid her not deſpair, but ſtill believe
Our arms may triumph, and (her pow'r reſtor'd)
She long may hold a loyal people's love!

WINCHESTER.

It is the parent, not the Queen that mourns.
She'll often gaze, with anguiſh, on the prince,
And bleſs the houſeleſs beggar, that can ſtrain
Her naked babe, in ſafety, on her breaſt:
But ſhe, with fearful love, ſurveys her ſon,
While thus, a thorn, rankling in faction's ſide,
That they will pluck, or periſh in th' attempt.

CHESTER.

Then, they ſhall periſh, or their paſſage force
Thro' theſe our bodies, e'er they reach the king.
(*Shouts increaſe.*)

PROTECTOR.

The ferment ſwells without. Good Wincheſter,
Attend, and hear the tidings to the Queen.

Enter

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

My Lord Protector, joy!
The hoſt without, are of your kindred, friends,
Who, flying from the tyranny of France,
Yield up their ſwords, confiding in thy truth,
And hail prince Henry, their liege Lord, and King!

WINCHESTER.

High heav'n, be prais'd!

PROTECTOR.

Submiſſion ſo well-tim'd
Muſt make atonement for their paſt miſdeeds.
Admit the chiefs. But ſay, who leads them on?

MESSENGER.

I caught the tidings from the gen'ral voice.
But all, my Lord, cry out Earl William's name.
[*Retires.*

PROTECTOR.

My ſon, my eldeſt hope, my hero come!
Then Pembroke's heart is whole. My ſpirits flow
One way. The ruler's duties preſs not now
Againſt the parent's. I am doubly ſtrong.
Yet, for a while theſe feelings muſt I check,

And probe his ſpirit to the very quick.
My ſoul yearns on the boy. Good friends, forgive
Theſe ſtrong emotions.

CHESTER.

We partake thy joy.

WINCHESTER.

Thus may juſt heav'n lead ev'ry ſubject home,
In peace, and love, to form one flock again!

Re-enter the Meſſenger, *introducing* EARL WILLIAM, *and Knights, who make ſubmiſſions to* PEMBROKE.

MESSENGER.

Behold, my Lord, the Barons here attend.

PROTECTOR.

Earl William Mar'schal, and ye Knights, ariſe.

EARL WILLIAM.

Oh! my father. (*approaching with eagerneſs.*)

PROTECTOR.

My Lord, as Mareſchal (*coldly.*)
Of England, 'tis my duty bids accept,
And

And prize thy ſervices. A father, Sir,
Knows not of ſtate neceſſities; he feels
As well as judges, keenly feels: and, when
A ſon pulls down that image of reſpect,
That nature hath infix'd on filial breaſts,
The father bears a ſting ſo ſharp, a wound
So deep indeed, that words of penitence
Muſt long, long vibrate on his deaden'd ſenſe,
E'er they can touch his ſoul, and pour the balm,
That filial tenderneſs, alone, can give.
Five ſons I have, and thou, of all the five,
Haſt been the one, to wound my aged heart,
Canc'lling the peace thy brethren's love beſtow'd.

EARL WILLIAM.

Oh! Sir, theſe words are worſe to me than death.
Heav'n knows how much I venerate my Sire.
That life thou gav'ſt, for thee, I'd yield with joy.

PROTECTOR.

Thy deeds have greatly prov'd this ſolemn truth.
'Twas filial love that tore thee from my ſide,
Sent thee to league thyſelf with England's foes,
And guide the battle's blind, impetuous rage,
Tho' *I* ſtood victim of the doubtful ſtrife!

EARL WILLIAM.

Blot out remembrance of ſuch dire events.
With John, oppreſſion's lawleſs reign hath ceas'd,
And all reſentment's buried in his grave.
But when he broke the Charter we obtain'd,
When forth to war he led his hireling bands,
Mark'd ev'ry footſtep in his ſubjects' blood,
While Deſolation followed where he went,
Our caſtles ſmok'd, our wives and children bled,
And ſuppliant mis'ry knelt and wept in vain—
What medium could a free-born ſpirit keep?

PROTECTOR.

He might have died to guard his native rights,
And not have ſold them to a foreign lord.
I knelt, no minion of deſpotic pow'r,
Deep in my heart our liberties I held,
But ſaw, with ſhame, this Iſle betray'd to France,
And trembling, ſtood aloof, to catch the time,
When I might act, and ſave our ſacred cauſe.

EARL WILLIAM.

But my impatient nature—

PROTECTOR.

What! impatient?

In

In private ſtrifes, men may be teſty, now,
And now, be calm. A nation's welfare reſts
Not on a temper's turn,—Thou ſhew'ſt thine age.

EARL WILLIAM.

Father, I ſtand in conflict with thy words,
Like the ſlight reed againſt the northern blaſt.
Yet, by the blood I'm ready now to ſhed
In Henry's cauſe, I firmly ſwear to heav'n,
I meant my country's good in all my deeds.

WINCHESTER.

Nay, look, young man, thro' fields where freedom dwelt,
And independence ſcorn'd all foreign yokes,
E'er yet thy raſhneſs threw our all at ſtake,
And ſee the ſad reverſe of former times;
See, where the ſtranger o'er our fruitful fields—

EARL WILLIAM.

In pity ſtop, thou ſtrik'ſt upon a ſtring
That vibrates to deſpair. Diſgraceful day
That ſaw us leagued with France! 'Twas madneſs all.
For as the eaglet gazes on the ſun,
Till ev'ry object ſhews to him in fire,
My fancy, warm'd by freedom's fierceſt flame,
Imag'd

Imag'd her form, where ſhe alas! was not.
I've wak'd from faithleſs dreams, to horrid truths,
To curſe deluſions that have damn'd my fame.

PROTECTOR.

My ſon, my ſon! and haſt thou found the faith
Of France, the tainted Herculéan robe,
A pledge of peace—to torture, and deſtroy?

EARL WILLIAM.

Oh! father, truſt thy blood, that fills my veins.
Believe me true, by theſe a ſoldier's tears,
Thus let me hide my face upon thy breaſt.

PROTECTOR.

My boy, my hero! thou once more art mine,
Thy nature, pure, ingenuous as before,
Too fix'd in honor, for deceitful times.
Be thus, my William, ever next my heart,
My prop, my comfort. Had'ſt thou known the force
Of love parental, thou had'ſt never left
Theſe aged arms; but well, well, well; my griefs
Are o'er, and now they will but heighten joy.

EARL

EARL WILLIAM.

My father, and my own true countrymen!
Oh! bleſt exchange for falſe unnatural friends!
I would not yield theſe feelings for all France.
Away, ſeditious ſpirits! who ſhall dare,
Again exhauſt this cup of kindred peace,
And plant diſſention in our happy iſle?

PROTECTOR.

Now, to our ſtations, lords. The criſis comes,
The awful criſis of our England's fate.
Ye, whoſe hearts beat but for your native land,
Be firm, repreſs vain boaſts, deluſive hopes,
And let us rather contemplate misfortune;
Not thence to ſicken, and make cauſe of fear,
But, to attune our ſpirits to the times,
And fix at that ſublimity of courage,
That can admit no conqueror—but death.

CHESTER.

This patriot energy will force ſucceſs,
Tho' hoſt on hoſt oppoſe.

PROTECTOR.

Be patient ſtill.
We muſt advance, in one united tide,
Slow, and impreſſive, like the gen'ral ſwell
Of Ocean, rolling to its boundary cliffs,

And

And not, like torrents of diſſolving ſnow,
Deſtructive, but exhauſted, as they fall.
All then, to arms! Hence, baniſh'd be repoſe,
Hence, be our manſion on the tented field,
And all our buſineſs, war; till that great day,
When England's reſcued from a foreign yoke! [*Flouriſh.—Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The French Camp before Dover, with a diſtant View of the Caſtle.*

Rejoicing.—Enter the FRENCH PRINCE, NEVERS, *and* BEAUMONT, *from the* PRINCE'S *Tent.*

FRENCH PRINCE.

Hail, to this day, this proud, auſpicious day,
That ſees us peerleſs lord of England's throne!
Our rival John ſleeps ſafely with his ſires,
And leaves a baby to reſiſt our might.
All then is ours. Proclaim a public feaſt,
That full feſtivity thro' all the camp,
Speak the large meaſure of the gen'ral joy.

NEVERS.

Health, and proſperity to England's lord!

FRENCH PRINCE.

Yes, now methinks this iſland part of France;
And much we glory, thus to have acquir'd
Such bright appendage to our father's crown.
Hence, ſhall one law the rival lands unite,
This fertile iſle the ſtore-houſe be to France,
Theſe cultur'd fields for her their grain produce,

Theſe

Theſe vent'rous merchants brave, for her, the ſeas,
And ſevering waters be but as the ſtreams,
Deſign'd to waft theſe treaſures to her ſhores.

BEAUMONT.

Vaſt is the work your ſword hath here achiev'd:
Yet think, Oh! Prince, whereon your triumph ſtands.
We cannot hold this country at our feet,
Unleſs her rebel children bind her down.
You've ſworn to keep their antiquated laws,
And ſhould you ſwerve from ſuch fair promiſe now,
They may deſert, nay 'gainſt us turn their arms.

FRENCH PRINCE.

We cannot keep the conqueſt we have gain'd?
I ſay, we can, we will. The lion's bound
In chains; and tho' he roar, and threat, and rage,
He cannot harm his maſter thro' the toils.
We know theſe Barons ſwell with bitter gall,
That we neglect to bend us to their will,
And make us miniſter to their caprice.
But do they think, for them we've croſs'd the ſeas,
For them we've ſpent the treaſure, and the blood

Of

Of our own kingdom? Oh! impolitic,
And ſhallow men! to think we would refuſe
An empty oath, to win ſo fair a realm!

NEVERS.

Sire! hither come the leaders of the tribe.

Enter SURREY, LINCOLN, *and* FITZWALTER.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Moſt valiant Sirs, a gracious welcome, all.
Why ſo long abſent in theſe times of joy?

LINCOLN.

Prince, we've been watching Dover tow'r, in hopes
Thereon, to ſee the flag of truce diſplay'd.

FITZWALTER.

Lincoln ſaith true, and *I*, Sir, will ſay true.
The Engliſh ſcorn thoſe councils to attend,
Whereat, their voices, with contempt, are heard.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Fitzwalter, whence this lack of courteſy?
Ye ſhare our boſom's ſecrets, noble friends.
[*Trumpets.*
Our herald comes. Brave Engliſh, now attend.

Enter a French HERALD.

Well, man, doth Hubert own our clemency,
And yield this fortreſs, to ſave loſs of blood?

HERALD.

Dread Prince! he ſcoffs at all your terms propos'd,

FRENCH PRINCE.

The fool! did'ſt thou not ſay, his maſter John
Was dead, and threaten, ſhould he croſs our will,
His captive brother ſhould, beneath his eyes,
Be tortur'd unto death?

HERALD.

My Liege, I us'd
Each art perſuaſive, and each threat, in vain.
He ſaid, if John were dead, his children ſtill
Surviv'd, to whom the ſame allegiance fell;
And for his brother—tho' his heart grew ſick
At thoſe my words, yet as he held yon tow'rs
In truſt, but for his King, he had not pow'r
To bend the public, to his private cares.

SURREY.

My generous countryman! (*aſide.*)

FRENCH PRINCE.

Moſt inſolent!
But will the garriſon ſupport the ſlave?

HERALD.

He ſpoke, my Lord, the general ſentiment.
The people ſwore to daſh their children down—
Their wives, themſelves—down yonder ſteep,
to death,
Ere they'd betray their King, and yield to
France.
And as they ſaw me from the hill deſcend,
They ſent a ſort of frantic ſhout on high,
Confirming their decree.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Regard we not
This caſtle-crowned cliff, whoſe height alone
Withſtands our conqu'ring arms; but let us
march
Againſt the northern lands; and when we've
ſtorm'd
The very temple of the ſtate itſelf;
Soon ſhall this altar, to its idol pledg'd,
Its idol, Independence, prove our prize,
And France's genius ſeize it for her ſhrine.

SURREY.

Never, no; never.—Shall thy country's genius
Pluck down our Independence? Sir, thou dream'ſt;
Thou haſt infring'd thine honor, in the thought.

FRENCH PRINCE.

(*aſide.*) Such touchy fools!—Why, Surrey, ſo ſevere?
'Tis not for friends, to peer about for words,
Thence to extract ſome ſemblance of offence.
Thou doſt forerun my thought of injury.

NEVERS.

Ye teſty men, ſo national, ſo proud,
Will ye for ever thus miſtruſt our lord?
Who reſcued you from out oppreſſion's gripe,
Who gave you treaſures, in your time of need,
Who cloath'd your fields, with troops, your ſeas, with ſhips,
And ſat his life at hazard, for your ſakes?
This gracious prince; and, now, you doubt his truth,
And, now, you thank him, with contracted brows,
And taunting words, and ſtill more taunting looks.

LINCOLN.

LINCOLN.

Nay, good Nevers, thou wrong'ſt our gratitude.
We owe the very being of our cauſe
To his ſupport, and feel the debt we owe.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Your cauſe is ours; we have one cauſe. We claim
No recompenſe, but faith, and truth.

SURREY.

If faith
Be kept with us, faith will be kept with thee.
But do thy deeds, nay, e'en thy very words
Accord with that ſame oath, thou once haſt ſworn,
The oath to keep our liberties entire?
We're firm to that great, comprehenſive bond.
This ſword hath ſent one tyrant to the duſt;
It knows its duty for the next. No more.

NEVERS.

Unruly man, that dares inſult his lord
All gentle as he is, with ſuch foul threat!
I know thy treach'ry, know thy changeling mind,

Thy love-ſick boſom, thy inſidious tricks,—
Thou art a traitor, Surrey.

SURREY.

Ha! by heav'n!
Thou anſwer'ſt for that word.

[SURREY *attempts to draw his ſword*; FITZ-WALTER *and* LINCOLN *interfere.*

NEVERS.

Nay, nay, thy hand
Lay not upon thy ſword; burſt not, with ſpleen,
Thou froward man, I've proof—

SURREY.

Monſter, of what?
Ah! ha! a death-like freezing thro' my veins—
My wife—my child—peace!—*(Aſide.)* Proof of what?

FRENCH PRINCE.

Oh! friends,
Compoſe this ſtrife: keep your high mettle for
The common foe. Nevers, thou art too warm;
Our truſty Surrey ſpoke a ſolemn truth.
May ev'ry tyrant fall beneath his ſword!
We know no tyrant here. (Saw'ſt thou his look? *(aſide to* BEAUMONT.*)*

Watch

Watch Surrey thro' theſe times, there's danger in him.)
Come, lords of either kingdom, couſins all,
Hence, on for Lincoln; which will ſoon be ours,
And with it, all the empire of the north.

BEAUMONT.

Theſe unconnected caſtles ſoon will fall,
And then, our Sovereign may enjoy the fruits
Of theſe, his labors, dignity, and eaſe.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Our preſent fortunes are moſt pleaſing too.
Sweet is occaſional ſuſpenſe we deem,
When much to hope, and little's left to fear.
Couſin Nevers, aſſociate with our Engliſh friends,
Lead on to Lincoln our victorious bands;
While we to London, there to hold our ſtate,
As lord of England, with more ſhew of pomp,
Than that famed city hath e'er yet beheld.

[*Flouriſh.—Exeunt the* FRENCH PRINCE, NEVERS, *and* BEAUMONT.

SURREY, LINCOLN, *and* FITZWALTER, (*who walks wrapt in muſing.*)

SURREY.

Are we awake? are we on Engliſh ground?
Nay, are we Engliſhmen? we're not, we're not,
I had forgotten—we're the ſlaves of France.
Good pow'rs! there was a time—there was? oh! ſhame!
When had a miſcreant Frenchman rais'd his breath
Againſt mine honor, tho' deſtruction ſtood
His champion, this good ſword had ſent an anſwer.

LINCOLN.

Thy paſſion, Surrey, hurried thee too far—

SURREY.

Too far, when that inſulting ſlave, Nevers—
Wretch that I am, I'd fell'd him to the earth,
Had not the thoughts of thoſe, beyond myſelf,
Ruſh'd on my heart, and temper'd my hot blood.
Oh! thou ſole object of my ev'ry care,
Thou, ſiſter-being, dearer than my own,

My beſt belov'd Matilda! and thou, boy,
Sweet pledge, confirming this our bond, on earth
And length'ning all our loves beyond the grave!
Ye make the warrior, the ſoft ſon of peace:
Oh! but for you, I'd ſtop this tyrant's flight,
And fall, a martyr, thus to ſave our cauſe.

LINCOLN.

Surrey, for ſhame! ſhake off this tender mood;
Thus to be melted by domeſtic thoughts,
Is ſoldier-like!

SURREY.

Yea, on my faith! it is.
He feels not, as a ſoldier ought, who feels
Not, as a man; for theſe ſame tender ties
Of love domeſtic, multiplied and mix'd,
Thro' numberleſs ſweet mazes, form the chain
Of this life's intereſt, and mark the way
To public duties, and to public praiſe,
As ſoldier, ſubject, citizen, and man.

LINCOLN.

Theſe melting, theſe prevailing arguments
Struck not thy fancy, when thy wife was left,
Thy

Thy child, thy caſtle, thy paternal ſeats,
To wage the battle 'gainſt the faithleſs John!

SURREY.

'Twas love for them, that led me firſt to war.
For private happineſs, muſt ever wait
On public fortune; and when John aſſail'd
Our charter'd liberties, I flew to arms
To guard the ſacred treaſure, and therein
To guard, each ſweet endearment of my hearth
At home. But ſince our cauſe of war hath ceas'd,
In place of one, a thouſand tyrants riſe,
Ruin on ruin hurries, all's deſpair—
Panting, aghaſt, diſtracted, I recede,
And yield me up to tenderneſs for thoſe,
Whoſe ſafety, bad me throw mine own away.

LINCOLN.

Whence all this rapſody?—Say, what do'ſt thou.—

SURREY.

I'll ſeek my lovely dame, my helpleſs babe,
And rooted at their ſide, ſhake hands with fate.
What! not a word, Fitzwalter? Fare thee well.
Fare thee well, Lincoln too. I dare ye both,

On

On Engliſh honor, to betray my flight.
We'll meet again perhaps, or friends, or foes.
[*Exit.*

LINCOLN, *and* FITZWALTER.

LINCOLN.

Yes, we ſhall meet again, but meet in blood.
Surrey may flatter, I am firm to France,
For honour, wealth, and power are her own,
And mine, thro' her: Fitzwalter! ho! arouſe!
Speak! Art thou dreaming?

FITZWALTER.

Would to heav'n I were!
Oh! my poor country, loſt, abandon'd iſle!
Away, ye needleſs trappings, ye are toys,
[*Throws down his arms.*
There are no hearts, to uſe ye, as of old.
Woe's me! that I ſhould live to ſee the day,
When England calls, thro' all her fields, for help,
And have not pow'r, to give her ought but groans!

LINCOLN.

Whence this deſpair? when conqueſt on our arms—

FITZ-

FITZWALTER.

Away, thou'rt with ambition mad, and mad
With triumph, tho' thy native land's the prey.
I tell thee, France reſpects not our great cauſe.
Are we, at councils; are we, in the field,
Treated as free-born Britons, equals all
With theſe ſame upſtart foreigners? Oh! ſhame!
Oh! vengeance for inſulted rights! Shall thoſe,
Who once could ſpurn a tyrant of their own,
Submit thus meanly to their very tool?

LINCOLN.

What! haſt *thou* caught th' infection of the times?
Fly then, and fawn before young Henry's feet,
Before the ſon of John; fly, beg thy chains.

FITZWALTER.

No, no: Thou know'ſt too well I cannot. No:
Cheriſh the child of him, who kill'd my child,
Cheriſh the damned murderer's progeny?
The pallid ſpectre of my daughter dead,
Would thwart my way, and rouſe my paſſions up
To madneſs, aye, to kill, and not careſs.
Periſh the hated Houſe!—I have no hope,

LINCOLN.

LINCOLN.

Come, come, brave man; thy fears, awhile, ſuſpend.
Let us ruſh forward to the long-ſought goal;
And there arriv'd, we may compoſe all doubt,
All jealouſy, or juſt or not, 'gainſt France,
And fix our cauſe upon its proper baſe.

FITZWALTER.

Yes, I muſt on, thro' doubt, and hate, muſt on.
Unhappy man! I've no alternative.
But when our infant tyrant bites the duſt,
We then may turn upon theſe foreigners,
Teach them, to venerate our ancient laws,
To dread our vengeance, for thoſe laws attack'd,
To own that Independence guards our cliffs,
And, thro' all chances, England muſt be free.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*At* SURREY's *Caſtle. The grand Hall, ornamented with the Trophies of the* SURREYS.

LADY SURREY, *and her Son, young* PLANTAGENET.

LADY SURREY.

The evening-bell hath toll'd, and Surrey, not,
As yet, arriv'd!—Ah! me!—Joy, long deferr'd,
Prays on the heart, like very ſorrow.

BOY.

Nay,
Why ſigh'ſt thou ſo, dear Mother? Art thou, now,
Unhappy, when my Father's coming?

LADY SURREY.

No,
Beſt comforter, the time but moves too ſlow.
I ſhould be happy.

BOY.

Oh! yes, that thou ſhould'ſt.
For all the Caſtle ſeems alive, and gay,

To meet Earl Surrey—On the hill, his Knights
Are poſted, all ſo bright in arms! Around
The moat, his tenantry are dancing; while,
Upon the draw-bridge, ſits the Bard, who chaunts
Such ſtories of our Anceſtors, ſuch deeds—
Is all that, truth, the Minſtrel ſings?

LADY SURREY.

Yes, boy;
And let the glorious legend warm thy breaſt
With emulation of thy fathers' fame.
Look on theſe walls, with various trophies hung,
The Paynim's ſcimeter, the Gallic ſpear,
The ſhatter'd ſtandard, and the ſhield defac'd;
And think the ſhades of thoſe, who plac'd them there,
Still move, majeſtic, round this rev'rend pile,
Still, in the hollow murmurs of the wind,
At evening's cloſe, from yon dark grove of pines,
Or yonder battlements ſublime, they fire
Thy youthful fancy, call thee on to fame,
To ſwell theſe records of paternal worth,
And, ripe in glory, e'en ſurpaſſing their's,
Tranſmit the palm of virtue to thy ſons.

BOY.

BOY.

Would I were old enough to be a ſoldier,
Go with my father, and fight, ſide by ſide!

LADY SURREY.

Oh! may thy manly prime fulfil the hopes
Thy childhood gives! Be virtuous for my ſake,
And I will bleſs the bitter pangs I've borne,
My child-bed groans reflect upon with joy,
To think I've given to my native land,
A guardian hero, and a faithful ſon.
Oh! extacy of thought! maternal bliſs!
When my own child, by all the world approv'd,
Comes to my boſom, to demand the meed
Of praiſe parental, to confirm his fame!

BOY.

Hark! the ſound of horſes—No; 'tis the wind,
That howls among the branches of the firs.

LADY SURREY.

My very heart ſprung, wildly, with the thought
That Surrey—ſaid he not, that ere the dark
He would arrive?

[LADY SURREY *goes towards the great window.*

BOY.

The letters ſaid ſo, mother.

LADY

LADY SURREY.

I ſee no object on yon duſky plain;
Far as my eye can ſtretch, 'tis vacant all;
And night, in dark-blue vapors rolling, ſweeps
Along-th' horizon. Haſte, my Surrey, haſte,
And let this poor heart know content once more!

BOY.

I wiſh my father would arrive!

LADY SURREY.

He will,
My child; he'll ſurely come; he'll come, ere long.
Thou'rt like thy father, now; like what he was,
When youth's ſoft tints ſtill wanton'd o'er his face,
And when he firſt, Oh! bleſs that heav'nly time!
Drew, from my boſom, a congenial flame.
Ye ſeats of Surrey, witneſs of our loves,
How oft, within your halls, the midnight lamp
Hath burnt unheeded; while enwrapt I leant
To hear the lover's, in the ſoldier's tale:
Or, 'neath your high o'er-arching trees, we've ſat,
At ſtill of eve, to watch the pale-orb'd moon,

And hear night's ſongſter call, throughout the grove,
The ſweeten'd echo to encreaſe his ſong,
Till ſilence was, and we in ſilence, joy'd—
Ye ſeats of Surrey! your loſt Lord returns,
Thoſe days of bliſs domeſtic to renew,
And bid, once more, the feſtive voice of peace,
Thro' all your haunts, be hear'd!—Hark, hark! I hear—

BOY.

Yes, yes, it is. (*Horn ſounds.*) There, there! the bugle horn!

LADY SURREY.

He comes, he comes! ye heav'ns, be prais'd! he comes!
John, let us meet the hero. Oh! my heart!
I pant to fly, and yet—my tottering knees—
Give me but fortitude for this ſweet trial!
His footſtep!—Oh!—kneel for his bleſſing, boy.
My Surrey—— (*As* LADY SURREY *advances.*

Enter

Enter a KNIGHT, *bloody, and ſupporting himſelf upon his lance. The Lady ſcreams, and the Boy flies to his Mother.*

KNIGHT.

Dame, forgive——

LADY SURREY.

Who, bloody man,
Who art thou?

SQUIRE.

Oh! my honor'd miſtreſs!

LADY SURREY.

Mercy!—
That voice!—

KNIGHT.

Thy faithful Eadwald.

LADY SURREY.

Horror, Oh!
Horror! he's dead, that fight—he's dead, he's dead!

BOY.

My father dead?

LADY SURREY.

My child, my child, what are we?

KNIGHT.

Softly, ſweet lady; he is ſtill alive.

LADY SURREY.

Ye, pow'rs of mercy! take my thanks for *that!*

KNIGHT.

But——

LADY SURREY.

"But!"—In pity to my mis'ries, tell,
Oh! tell me all, at once.

KNIGHT.

Thy noble Surrey,
Suſpected of the French, was forc'd to fly,
Ere yet his plans were ripe: his route was trac'd:
Our choſen band, aſſail'd on ev'ry ſide,
Fell, man by man, defending their lov'd lord,
Who, like a madman, dealt deſtruction round,
Till, fainting——

LADY SURREY.

Fainting! Ah! then he did die?

KNIGHT.

No, deareſt lady; faint with toil, he fell;
And pris'ner but to numbers, bad me fly

To tell thee he was ſafe: he gave a look,
At mention of thy name, that might have
mov'd—
But 'tis enough;—Madam, in truth, he's ſafe.

LADY SURREY.

How is he ſafe, a prey to vengeful foes?
A prey—Oh! We are loſt, my child, we're loſt
To ev'ry joy. This ſudden death of hope
Diſturbs my judgment. Tell me, Sir—Alas!
Where can I turn me?

KNIGHT.

Here, muſt thou await
The iſſue of theſe wars, and truſt in heav'n
That Surrey's virtue muſt enſure his—

LADY SURREY.

Death.
Triumphant malice never can endure,
That he ſhould live, whom living, it muſt fear.
Perhaps e'en now—diſtraction!—I muſt go.

BOY.

Nay, mother, wilt thou leave me all alone?

LADY SURREY.

My child, my child, Oh! do not drive me mad.

BOY.

If that I were a man—

LADY SURREY.

Would unto heav'n
Thou wert! Yet, *I* am ſtrong to think, and act.
Woman hath oft her ſex's bounds o'erſtep'd,
To fill the meaſure of unruly paſſion:
And, when all nature prompts me to the deed,
When virtue calls me, with inſpiring voice,
Shall I refuſe to ſhew an equal fire,
And, for a huſband, riſe above my ſex?
No; I will forth, and ſeek his priſon-gloom.

KNIGHT.

Do not give way, ſweet miſtreſs, to ſuch thoughts.
Thou can'ſt not travel thro' a hoſtile land,
And brave the horrors ev'ry ſtep would ſhew.
I ſcarcely ſtole my journey, thro' the night;
For, 'mid the darkneſs, from each hill to hill,
Reſponſive, blaze the ſignal fires: along
The roads, the frequent noiſe of armed troops,
And call of watchword, mark the foe at hand:
While, o'er the neighb'ring fields, the doleful ſcreams
Of peaſants, plunder'd by the greedy French,

Warn of the dangers that await ſuch tract.
Thou'lt ſink a victim to theſe ſcenes.

LADY SURREY.

No, no:
The mind, enwrapt with one o'erpow'ring thought,
Yields not to fears, would harrow it, if void.
I am reſolv'd. Wilt thou conduct my ſteps?

KNIGHT.

I'll bind my wounds, and follow thee, to death.

BOY.

Oh! let me go with you, pray, pray.

LADY SURREY.

Theſe times
Of blood, are not for tender babes to brave.
Oh! Heav'n! what am I doing?—Doubt, away,
Thy grandſire Pembroke will protect thee, John,
Till I return—till I return? Well—peace.
Come, Eadwald, call thy ſtrength, and ſpirits up;
I'll take the peaceful pilgrim's ſtaff, and garb;
Do thou the ſame, and we ſhall cheat the foe.

[*The* KNIGHT *retires.*

BOY.

Then thou wilt bring my father back with thee?

LADY SURREY.

Oh! Oh! Good pow'rs, aſſiſt me!—So I hope.
Unhappy Iſland, prey to Civil war!
Such are thy mis'ries, ſuch thy fearful ſtate!
The helpleſs infant's robb'd of its ſupport,
A parent's tenderneſs: the widow ſinks,
In ſilent anguiſh, to her grave: the wife—
Oh! ye, who pant, in expectation high,
To welcome home your hero, to your arms,
Beware: he will not come: Oh! ye, more bleſt,
Who fearleſs preſs him, joying to your heart,
Tremble: to-morrow will pull down your joy.
Moſt awful period! I can hardly hope.
But come, thou virtuous love, and keep my ſoul
To that high tone, a huſband's ſafety wakes;
And may juſt heav'n theſe trials bleſs at laſt!

[*Exeunt*,

SCENE

SCENE II.—*A large Gothic Hall, at Newark. The Lord* PROTECTOR, WINCHESTER, CHESTER, *and* EARL WILLIAM, *aſſembled at midnight, previous to the battle of* LINCOLN; *attendants bearing torches, and the back ground heightened by the Barons' banners, and the ſpears of the Guards.*

WINCHESTER.

Yes, manly ſuff'rers in the cauſe of truth,
With pious fortitude await the dawn,
And unto heav'n to-morrow's battle truſt,

PROTECTOR.

Lords, on to-morrow England's fate depends.
The ſiege of Lincoln caſtle muſt we raiſe,
And from poſſeſſion of the city, drive
Yon foe, or here at once the conteſt yield.
Then, think, great ſpirits, free-born Britons, think
On this terrific criſis, and inſpir'd
With dauntleſs energy in ſuch a cauſe,
Go forth to battle, and the day is ours.

EARL WILLIAM.

I burn, I pant to hail th' approaching dawn.

WIN-

WINCHESTER.

Tho' France, with myriads upon myriads, come,
And, in her ſtrength rejoicing, count us nought,
Yet may her widely-ſcatter'd pow'rs be turn'd,
If thus, ſuperior to all fear of death,
And conſcious of the ſmile of heav'n, we ſtrike
With one concentred force.

PROTECTOR.

But ſhould we fail,
And mad rebellion triumph, round our prince
We'll throw our ſwords, and ſell King Henry's life,
For nothing cheaper, than our heart's laſt drop.

CHESTER.

On terms ſo glorious, we're content to die.

WINCHESTER.

Go then, ye warriors, to the fields of death,
Fight the juſt fight, your country's rights aſſert,
Defy the foe, for heav'n's on your ſide.

PROTECTOR.

Oh! ſacred love of our own native land,
Come, with thine energy, inſpire our ſouls!
Oh!

Oh! ſacred love of our own native land,
Send us triumphant o'er each tyrant foe!

LADY SURREY. (without.)

Admit me to the Lord Protector, Sirs.

CHESTER.

Pauſe; for a female voice breaks on mine ear,

LADY SURREY. (without.)

The Lady Surrey ſeeks her father, Pembroke.

Enter LADY SURREY, *with her Son.*

PROTECTOR.

My child, Matilda!—whence this wild demean?
Why haſt thou left thy caſtle? wherefore, thus,
With my young grandſon, at this hour of night,
Seek'ſt thou—

LADY SURREY.

Oh! Sir, I have a tale of woe—
I am ſo loſt—Thou ſeeſt, before thine eyes,
Thy daughter, tumbled from the height of hope,
Of fancied bliſs to—mercy! what? perhaps—
But, know my Surrey in his flight is ta'en,

And

And now—I know not what hath chanc'd ere now.

PROTECTOR.

Sweet dame, have hope.
After to-morrow's ſtruggle, I'll diſpatch
An herald, with propoſals for exchange
Of many noble priſoners of France.

LADY SURREY.

Send all your French, 'twill not avail. I know
They dare not loſe my huſband. I've no hope,
But to entwine my thread of life with his,
To beg for entrance at his priſon-door;
They can't deny me that. I come, to place—
Great Lord! what am I doom'd to bear!

EARL WILLIAM.

Matilda,
Alone thou can'ſt not go. Diſguis'd, I'll brave
The piercing look ſuſpicion wears, and lead
Thee, ſiſter, ſpite of death, thro' this wild land,

LADY SURREY.

No, by my ſuff'rings, no. One I have loſt,
One hero, to my country: She can bear
No ſecond loſs in thee. To battle, go,
And vict'ry hang upon thy ſword! I'm fix'd.

PRO-

PROTECTOR.

Oh! happy land, whoſe daughters are ſo fair,
And tho' fair, virtuous, even as my child!
Yet, hear, Matilda,—

LADY SURREY.

I'm prepar'd for all;
Have weigh'd events, and cannot now be mov'd.
All that I aſk—there, there's the pang I dread—
All that I aſk, is guardianſhip for him,
Thy beſt protection for my darling child.
Take him, my father, take him to thy breaſt;
Keep him with tenderneſs as I was kept;
Let him be ſuch, as Surrey's heir ſhould be.

PROTECTOR.

Boy, thou'rt mine own.

EARL WILLIAM.

To me, e'en as my ſon.

BOY.

Yet I would follow my poor mother's ſteps.

LADY SURREY.

My child!—Oh! Sir!——Beſt brother!—I'll away,

Or

Or theſe wild extacies will ſhake my mind.
God bleſs thee, boy. Remember all my words:
I ſhall return to comfort thee again.
Oh! be it ſo! teach, Sir—I know thou wilt—
Farewell. Almighty being, to thy care
Take him! Farewell, my angel—once—fare-
well! [*Exit.*

PROTECTOR.

Poor dame! but this ſad trial ſhall not laſt.
Excuſe me, friends, that private griefs have
touch'd
My public ſtate. But now, my Lords, to arms!

CHESTER.

And let us bind ourſelves by ſolemn vows,
Ne'er to return, unleſs with conqu'ring ſwords.

PROTECTOR.

Yes, thus we ſwear to yield our lives, in pledge,
To ſave our King, our Altars, and our Laws!
[*Flouriſh.—Exeunt.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Within the city of Lincoln, after the battle. Flouriſh.*

Enter the Lord PROTECTOR, WINCHESTER, *and* EARL WILLIAM, *with ſoldiers.*

PROTECTOR.

This is indeed a triumph, this the day,
That gives to freedom promiſe of ſucceſs.

WINCHESTER.

'Tis ſtrange, the French, with all their num'rous band,
Should yield the city ſuch an eaſy prey!

EARL WILLIAM.

Th' expiring efforts of a free-born race
Prove more tremendous, than yon myriad's threats.

PROTECTOR.

Lincoln thus gain'd, without expenſe of blood,
We may—but where's Earl Cheſter?

EARL

EARL WILLIAM.

In the fight,
I ſaw him, with a troop of croſs-bow men,
Forth ſally from the caſtle, where he had gain'd
Admiſſion from our friends, and chaſe the foe.

WINCHESTER.

Heav'n grant him ſafe! [*ſhouts.*

PROTECTOR.

That ſhout of victory—

EARL WILLIAM.

Yes, ſee the ancient hero comes himſelf!

Enter CHESTER, *haſtily.*

CHESTER.

Joy, joy! my glorious co-mates! war's the word!
We've driven the ſlaves—they darted down the hill—
They're ſcouring o'er the plain, like frighted hares,
E'en trembling at the wind that blows around.

PROTECTOR.

Thus, my brave Cheſter, haſt thou prov'd thy words.

CHESTER.

CHESTER.

Armies of pris'ners have we ta'en to-day,
But ſhed no brethren's blood. Oh! 'twould have mov'd
Your hearts, my lords, to've ſeen our fiery troops,
When, in the rebels, they beheld their friends,
And gaz'd upon their kindred's faces, ſtop
In pride of vict'ry, and the rage of war,
And touch'd by pity, weep upon their necks.

PROTECTOR.

My glorious countrymen! thus Britons fight,
Diſdaining thus th' exterminating ſword;
Juſtice, alone, can animate their arms.

CHESTER.

They turn'd their vengeance ſolely on the foe,
Who, ſcatter'd o'er our fields, no quarter find;
For there, the peaſantry, with cauſe enrag'd
At all their late exactions, take revenge.

PROTECTOR.

Alas! unhappy iſland! I could weep,
To think o'er all the mis'ries thou haſt borne:
But 'tis my duty now to change the ſcene.
Diſpatch our heralds thro' the country round,
Proclaiming gen'ral pardon to all ranks;
And, that King Henry conquers, but for peace,
And to *deliver England from its yoke.*

Enter a MESSENGER, *abruptly.*

Whence, in ſuch haſte?

MESSENGER.

All; all, my Lord, is loſt!

A mighty fleet from France was off the coaſt,
With troops unnumber'd, by the Lady Blanch,
Sent to the prince, her huſband. Long, e'er now,
They will have ſpread wide o'er the Kentiſh lands,
Tho' they muſt grapple with a well nerv'd race:
But all is vain; ſo num'rous is the fleet!
[*The* PROTECTOR *turns mournfully aſide.*

WINCHESTER.

Alas! alas! when will our troubles ceaſe!

PROTECTOR.

Softly, but have not the Cinque Ports their fleet,
In readineſs to meet the foe?

MESSENGER.

Their force
Is ſmall—

PROTECTOR.

Small let it be; I will not yet
Deſpair.

CHESTER.

Had the troops landed?

MESSENGER.

No, my Lord,
But nothing could oppoſe—

WINCHESTER.

Heav'n could oppoſe!
We're in the hands of one, who will not leave
The juſt.

PROTECTOR.

No meaſure's left, to ſave our cauſe,
But to attack the tyrant ere this force,
(Should it effect a landing on our coaſt,)
Can march to London, for their pow'rs, if join'd,
Might

Might baffle all the ſtrength we've juſt acquir'd.
To London, then, my Lords, to London, all;
There to obtain our freedom, or our graves.

[*Flouriſh.—Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*At London. A Court Yard of the Tower.*

Enter the FRENCH PRINCE, *and* BEAUMONT, *with attendants.*

BEAUMONT.

This puiſſant fleet, and army come from France,
Will ſoon confirm my Prince's Empire here.

FRENCH PRINCE.

By holy Denis! theſe fair proofs of love,
From Blanch, our royal Conſort, touch our heart.
We purpoſe to command her preſence ſoon,
In our new kingdom, to receive, and ſhare
This well-won crown; methinks 'tis fairly ours.

BEAUMONT.

Ere this I truſt all England owns your ſway.
Each minute with important news muſt teem,
Telling how Lincoln falls, as London fell.

FRENCH PRINCE.

An angel, bearing tidings of great joy,
Look where Nevers approaches!

Enter NEVERS.

Couſin, well?

NEVERS.

Dread Sire!

FRENCH PRINCE.

On with thy tale, we are prepar'd
For all.

NEVERS.

Then let my tongue forego the taſk
Of telling that, which pains to think hath been.

FRENCH PRINCE.

What!—can it be!—Are ye not victors?—ſpeak.

NEVERS.

Alas! alas!

FRENCH PRINCE.

Ha! coward, ceaſe.

NEVERS.

Believe,
My Liege, we fought—

FRENCH PRINCE.

Like miſcreants, as ye are.
Had we been there, ye had not dar'd to fly.

NEVERS.

Fitzwalter's raſhneſs 'twas that broke the ranks;
Tho' Lincoln for his Earldom fought, he fled;
The Engliſh, Sire, they loſt the day to France.

Enter LINCOLN, *and* FITZWALTER.

LINCOLN.

Oh! Prince, your army's ruin'd!

FRENCH PRINCE.

Traitor, no;
'Tis falſe.

LINCOLN.

Sir!

FRENCH PRINCE.

Or, ſuppoſe our army's loſt,
Who were the cowards that betray'd it?

FITZ-

FITZWALTER.

Who?
Aſk your Nevers, my Lord; we know them not.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Nay, 'twas your treach'ry damp'd our Gallic fire.

LINCOLN.

So far from treach'rous, lo! my troops are here,
Firm in the cauſe, and panting to retrieve
Their laurels lately loſt.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Away, away.
We ſcorn your artifice. Ye love the foe.
Ye're Engliſh ſtill.

FITZWALTER.

And ſuch will ever be.
For came you not, my Lord, as England's King,
To rule o'er Engliſh? Where then's the reproach?
But, that I love the foe—you know full well,
I hate young Henry from my very heart,
And while he ſends one ſoldier to the field
Fitzwalter will confront him until death.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Go, go, and vent thy ſpleen unto the winds.
Your cauſe we here forſake, your aid deſpiſe.
For know, falſe men, officious rebels, know,
That France herſelf is coming to theſe ſhores,
To guard that crown, wherewith ye've deck'd our brows.

LINCOLN.

Gracious heav'n! do we live?

BEAUFORT.

Now, on your coaſt,
Hundreds of veſſels, loaded with freſh troops,
Hve ſafely fix'd their prows.

NEVERS.

Moſt joyful news!

FRENCH PRINCE.

Another army ſoon will follow this;
That, by a third be ſtrengthen'd, till this iſle
Shall boaſt no lords, but thoſe of Gallic blood.

FITZWALTER.

Now, by St. Edward—Down my ſwelling heart.
It is not yet the time. (*to himſelf.*)

LINCOLN.

Yet, Prince, reflect—

FITZWALTER. (*Aſide to* LINCOLN.)

Ceaſe, Lincoln, ceaſe. The die's for ever caſt,
And but one way remains.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Ye droop, proud Lords!
But, oh! beware: for ye are in our pow'r.

LINCOLN.

Sir, for a while, permit us to conſult
With our confed'rates.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Yet remember well,
Suſpicion's eye is fix'd on all your deeds.

FITZWALTER.

Sir, we ſhall act, as beſt becomes our ſtate.

[*Exeunt* FITZWALTER *and* LINCOLN.

FRENCH

FRENCH PRINCE.

We hate this ſtubborn race. Each man we meet
Seems, from the ſcowl that knits his angry brows,
To hide revenge, and murd'rous thoughts within.
Give orders, Beaumont, that th' Earl of Eſſex,
And that ſame ſubtle Surrey, meet their fate;
They, and the other ſlaves in Baynard's caſtle;
We cannot ſpare them to the foe.—Nevers!

NEVERS.

My Liege!

FRENCH PRINCE.

Forget our haſtineſs. We now
Perceive thou wert betray'd.

NEVERS.

My gracious lord!—

FRENCH PRINCE.

Say, know'ſt thou whither Pembroke bends his courſe?

NEVERS.

A knight o'ertook us, Sire, upon the road,
Who ſaid the Engliſh were upon their marc
To London.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Pembroke dare march to London?
Our troops not yet arriv'd—We could have wiſh'd—
And yet we want them not. Brave couſins, rouſe!
Let us arrange our well-appointed pow'rs,
That thoſe adventurers may rue the day,
Whereon they brave the matchleſs force of France! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A dungeon within Baynard's Caſtle.*

SURREY *diſcovered on a bench, his armour lying by him, and a lamp burning.*

SURREY.

Yes, this proud heart at laſt muſt be ſubdued.
I'm now the wretch, whoſe ſtate I moſt abhorr'd.
Oh! fiends of France, ye've found the only means
To conquer Surrey; for I've fought, from morn
Till ſun-ſet, ſmarting o'er with wounds, wherein
The wintry wind hath frozen up the blood,
E'en unto agony; and I have march'd,
Beneath the noon tide, ſummer ſun, parch'd, faint,
And with my burning armour ſcalded o'er,
I've borne each pain, to which a ſoldier's doom'd,
And never have ſent forth one plainful groan,
But thus inglorioufly, for ever, thus—
Deſpair, deſpair! the future's darker ſtill.
[*takes up his ſword.*
The ruffians treat me with contempt, and leave
My arms, for what? there's eloquence in this.

LADY SURREY. (*at a diſtance.*)

Surrey!

SURREY. (*Not attending to the voice.*)

My own, ador'd Matilda! phaw! away!
[*Throws down the ſword.*
Still fond remembrance, 'midſt my wildeſt ſtarts,
Calls

Calls thee to ſoothe the tempeſt of my ſoul.
I live not for myſelf. For thee I'll bear
What, had I no ſuch angel for my guide,
Might make my horrors—No, no. I muſt not
Brood thus o'er my cares.

LADY SURREY. (*nearer.*)
Surrey!

SURREY. (*ſtarting.*)
Ha! what! (*pauſes.*)
Theſe noiſome vapors will affect my brain.
Oh! cruel fancy, wherefore thus torment,
Waking ſo often, on my raviſh'd ear,
The muſic of her voice, too ſoon to die
In air, and leave me, ſick'ning at the cheat?
[LADY SURREY *appears at the top of the ſtage.*
Alas! I muſt root feeling from my heart.

LADY SURREY. (*flying to* SURREY.)
He's there, he's there! indeed himſelf!

SURREY.
My wife?

LADY SURREY.
I have him, hold him, claſp him to my heart.

SURREY.
Madneſs of extacy! delirium too
Delicious ere to ceaſe! 'tis truth itſelf!

LADY SURREY.
They fain would have perſuaded me to ſtay,
(*Rapidly.*) And let my dearer life droop all alone.
They all have fail'd. I heeded not my friends,
The monſters too, I've triumph'd over thus,
For

For I have got thee, Surrey, trick'd them all,
Thus, thus; ha! ha! ha! oh! oh!

[*Burſts into an agony of tears.*

SURREY.

Angel mine!
In pity, ſink not with thy feelings thus.

LADY SURREY.

No; no;—My ſpirits have been too much tried,
And this laſt extacy—ah! me! my heart
Is lighter now. My Surrey!

SURREY.

Is ſhe here?
Matchleſs Matilda! art thou here indeed?
Yes, it is ſhe; my heart, in feveriſh fits,
Knocks at my breaſt, and tells it is no dream.
And our ſweet infant, is he well? and where?

LADY SURREY.

Well, with his grandſire Pembroke.

SURREY.

Bleſs him, bleſs
The cherub! by my troth, dear wife, mine eye
Runs o'er to think on him.

LADY SURREY.

Sweet, kindly drops!

SURREY.

And thou, bleſt dame, how did'ſt thou reach theſe walls?
How brave the journey? how evade the foe?

LADY SURREY.

Woman, arous'd, by pure and virtuous love,
Defies all nature's obſtacles combin'd.

Her

Her ſoul exalted e'en above itſelf,
O'er hill, and precipice, and rocky glen,
Thro' roaring torrents, and thro' mountain ſtorms,
Yea, all the perils of the ocean's ſelf,
Swift as the winds, ſhe'll wing her fearleſs flight,
Snatch, amidſt death, her great, inſpiring prize;
Then, ſtruck with what ſhe's paſt, her courage loſe,
Her dangers ſwell, and ſinking on herſelf,
Be all the timid female o'er again.
Thus have I ſet defiance to my ſtate,
Thus, as a pilgrim, thro' the land,—enough:
I have my Surrey.—But, this dreary cell!
[*Looking round.*
Oh! Oh! how diff'rent, when we parted laſt!

SURREY.

Forget the paſt, we'll never part again.

LADY SURREY.

Oh! never, never. Said I, never? ha!
Where doth my frenzy hurry me? for, now,
E'en now, they come to tear me from thee.
Hark! hark!

SURREY.

What hardy wretch will dare the deed?
I claſp thee now for ever in my arms,
And like the drowning ſeaman with his plank,
Will ne'er relinquiſh thee, e'en as I periſh.

LADY SURREY.

Alas! we muſt be parted once again.

I've brib'd a tender hearted guard for this,
This little moment of felicity;
For I have ſtolen hither, not to fix,
But to deſtroy captivity. Oh! hear.

SURREY.

I ſtand, all hope, and all amazement. Speak.

LADY SURREY.

When to her fate bow'd England, in deſpair,
Deſpairing too, I meant to ſhare thy griefs
Within theſe walls, all places then the ſame.
But ſince old Pembroke, like th' immortal Sun,
Tho' aged, not leſs powerful, before
Him drives the ſtorm of War, to wreck the French
Who thus up blew it on our ravag'd ſhores;
Since Expectation, elevated, ſtands,
Trembling, to ſee, and calls throughout the realm,
All men, to ſee thoſe French, adown our cliffs
Puſh'd, headlong——

SURREY.

Madneſs! I no more can bear
This abject ſtate. Thy words have driv'n the blood,
That, with deſpair, lay curdled at my heart,
To beat again, in ev'ry pulſe, to war.
What! when the youth of England, all on fire,
Snatch deathleſs glory on th' embattled field,
For freedom conquer, or in freedom die;
Muſt I, here, like a captive tiger rage,

And

And fall, at laſt, by ſome baſe ruffian's hand?
By the great God of battles—

LADY SURREY.

Thou ſhalt not.
Looſe is this pilgrim's robe o'er all my dreſs,
Take it, my ſtaff, ſcrip; wrap thine armour o'er,
And fly. Ere ſuch miſtake can well be known,
Thou wilt have gain'd the wood, that ſkirts the Thames,
Where, with thy favorite courſer, waits a Squire.
And, as for me—

SURREY.

Virtue incomparable!

LADY SURREY.

Here will I reſt, in ſilence, all the night;
And when the guards diſcover—

SURREY.

Nay, no more.
Thou'rt talking to a rock. I needed not
This effort to adore thee. Yet, reflect,
My country can command a million ſouls,
Great, and heroic, to defend her rights;
But thou, Oh! thou can'ſt boaſt one, only one,
Should he deſert thee, in this fearful place.
Who will protect, and ſoothe, and comfort thee?

LADY SURREY.

If but for me thou doubt'ſt, Oh! doubt no more.

[*A noiſe, and claſhing of arms heard, the* LADY *flies to* SURREY.]

My huſband!—

SURREY.

SURREY.

Fear not, there's no harm to thee.

LADY SURREY.

Me, me? Oh! would to heav'n, they meant but me!

[*Noiſe louder.* SURREY *and the* LADY *pauſe.*

(*Voice without.*) Ha! ſtruggleſt thou? thus, Eſſex, thus—

(ESSEX *without.*) Off, ſlaves,

Not ſo———

(*Voice without.*) Down, down—

[*A deep ſilence.* SURREY *ſtands in an attitude of liſtening, and* LADY SURREY *in that of agonizing ſuſpenſe, till a heavy groan, burſting from* ESSEX, *as he expires, is heard.*]

LADY SURREY. (*Wildly.*)

Oh! ſave him, ſave him, ſave my Surrey!

SURREY.

Silence! Oh! ſilence! There is no one here.

LADY SURREY.

I heard their weapons ring. I heard the cry
Of death. They ſhall not kill him. Help! Oh! help!

SURREY.

This clamorous grief confounds—but let them come!
They'd better combat, with a ſingle ſpear,
The wildeſt, ramping lioneſs of the woods,
Robb'd of her whelps, and howling for revenge,
Than face me now.

LADY

LADY SURREY.

Hark! but, hark! they come, there!—

Enter the French GUARD.

[LADY SURREY *ſnatches up* SURREY'S *ſword, (who ſeizes his battle-axe,) and throws herſelf before him.*]

LADY SURREY.

Monſters of hell! here, ſtrike him, thro' this heart.

GUARD.

Madam, theſe cries endanger—

LADY SURREY.

Do they not
Come to murder Surrey?

GUARD.

No, no.

LADY SURREY.

Swear, ſwear;
Deceive me not, or—

GUARD.

We have now in charge,
To watch Earl Surrey's life; the orders, that
Gave death to others, brought reprieve for him.
But, Madam, there are ſcenes of blood, without,
For thee unfit. Fly, fly, while yet thou can'ſt.

LADY SURREY.

Fly! Oh! whither? to deſpair, and madneſs?

SURREY.

SURREY.

Now, now, Matilda, be thyſelf indeed.
Oh! if thou lov'ſt me—

LADY SURREY.

Mercy, mercy! heav'n!
Sir, Sir, can'ſt thou behold us thus, and not
Be mov'd? [*To the* GUARD.

GUARD.

My heart is touch'd, yet what can I—

SURREY.

What? Thou haſt often, in the fields of war,
Stood face to face with death, but to diſcharge
Thy duty. If by pity now thou'rt touch'd
Thou'lt ſurely hazard that, in ſuch a cauſe,
Which to blind chance——

GUARD.

Shew me but how to ſave—

SURREY.

And thou wilt riſk thy life?

GUARD.

If thou can'ſt prove
Succeſs will likely—

SURREY.

Do what now thou ſay'ſt,
And I will make the hazard greatly worth;
Thou ſhalt have lands within my Earldom, wealth—
Be taken to my heart—

LADY

LADY SURREY.

Theſe, theſe in earneſt now. [*Giving jewels.*

GUARD.

Too gen'rous Engliſh, ye have e'en my life.

SURREY.

Then thou muſt aid my flight, this very hour.
I know that thou the acceſs can'ſt command
To the great Weſtern window; thence, we may
With ſafety drop, and from the wall below
'Tis eaſy to eſcape.

GUARD.

May death be mine,
If I ſhould fail.

SURREY.

Come, come, cheer up, my love;
'Till now, I never ſaw one ray of hope.
Haſte, haſte.

LADY SURREY.

Where, where? I will not leave thee now.

GUARD.

Madam, in truth thou muſt, or we may all
Be loſt, for if another guard ſhould come,
Suſpicion would ariſe—thou muſt depart.
Say (if thou'rt ſtopp'd) thou cam'ſt from Hubert d'Oiſle.
The ſign is "Blanch," the counterſign, "Caſtile."
Thou may'ſt in ſafety paſs.

LADY SURREY.

My Surrey, what!

SURREY.

Courage, my heroine, be as thou haſt been.
Soon as the bell beats "one," within the wood
Expect me. Nay, no ſorrow now—Thou muſt—

LADY SURREY.

Pardon a few unmeaning drops, that thoughts
Which well I cannot juſtify, force from me.
We ſhall at morning meet.

SURREY.

No more farewells.

LADY SURREY.

No, we ſhall meet ſo ſoon.

[LADY SURREY *goes to the door, and after gazing upon* SURREY, *returns.*]

My only hope!
Oh! if we never meet again! I'll not,
I cannot leave thee thus.

SURREY.

Then we will die
Together.

LADY SURREY.

Die! no, no. Forgive my fears.
'Twas a laſt effort. I'm myſelf again.
I go, I go.

[*Exit with the* GUARD. *Scene cloſes.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The wood near Baynard's Caſtle. A Storm.*

Enter LADY SURREY, *ſlowly.*

LADY SURREY.

All's ſilent, here! I ſurely heard a cry,
Or fancy acts too fearfully upon me.
'Tis ſtrange he doth not come. 'Tis paſt the time.
Fatal walls! your bloody ſcenes ſtill haunt me!
Surrey ſhould be here ere this. They murder'd
Eſſex—hark! murder, when once at work—ha!
[*The bell beats "two."*
Soon as the bell beats "one," he ſaid—It beateth "two."
The night is hideous, but the night to him—
I fear it not; and yet I cannot bear
This dire ſuſpence, but to the Caſtle walls—
[*Pauſes.*
A footſtep! Oh! how diſmally it ſounds!
I dread——

Enter the FRENCH GUARD.

GUARD.

The Lady Surrey!

LADY SURREY.

Oh! 'tis he!
But where's my Surrey? Speak. Where is my Lord?

GUARD.

Think, Madam, think, the proof of faith I've giv'n—

LADY SURREY.

But, my chief thought—what? firſt; all, all of him.

GUARD.

Earl Surrey, Dame——

LADY SURREY.

On, on; this cruel pauſe—
I have a wild, and wand'ring fancy; on.

GUARD.

He made me firſt deſcend the rope—
[*heſitating.*

LADY SURREY.

And he,
He never will deſcend. I ſee thy look,
I read it there, all, all the diſmal tale.

GUARD.

A moment, hear!

LADY SURREY.

On. Soften not the truth,
For I can bear it all, familiar grown
With horrors. Thou haſt ſeen me ſomewhat mov'd,
And once I trembled, but to hear of chains;
'Twas

'Twas folly all; for we muſt hear—of death.
Then ſay, how he—

GUARD.

In ſafety reach'd the outer wall,
When, the night-watch perceiv'd our armour blaze,
Gave the alarm, and ere he could deſcend,
Thy huſband was arreſted, tho' the claſh
Of ſwords, convinc'd me that he fought—

LADY SURREY.

Ha! what?
Left him, arreſted in the act of flight,
And madly ſtruggling with a hoſt of foes?
Ah! ha! there's treach'ry, treach'ry, man, I ſay.
Thou had'ſt not, coward, left him to their ſwords,
Wert thou not leagued againſt the wretched pair.
The ſlave that once hath been bought o'er by gold,
Will make a double bargain, and for gold
Sell back his faith to thoſe, from whom 'twas bought.
We are betray'd, on ev'ry ſide betray'd.

GUARD.

Unjuſt return for ſervice above price!
For all my perils! I repel the charge,
And dare before Earl Pembroke prove my faith.

LADY SURREY.

Ah! there, there all my wand'ring thoughts muſt fix!

Good, faithful ſoldier, true above thy ſtate,
Forget the wildneſs of a poor, mad wretch.

GUARD.

Madam, I own the privilege of grief.
Yet do I truſt thy huſband is alive.

LADY SURREY.

Truſt!
Thou can'ſt not know the feelings of a wife,
Or thou would'ſt never mock me with ſuch comfort.
Poor, poor Matilda! and is this the end,
This the reward for braving fields of war,
The gloom of priſons, and the ſtorms of heav'n?
To hear thy very life's ſpring now perhaps—
Oh! Oh! I muſt not looſe my thoughts that way;
My brain grows fev'riſh, and my heart grows cold;
Yet, not ſo cold, ye midnight murd'rers, but
It ſtill can rage, and ſtill may ſpread its rage,
Till yonder Engliſh army catch the flame,
And pour down two-fold vengeance on your heads! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Engliſh Camp near London. The* PROTECTOR'S *Tent. Flouriſh. The* PROTECTOR, WINCHESTER, *and* CHESTER.

WINCHESTER.

Hail, London, hail! thou ſeat of empire, hail!
By heav'n's mercy! but it joys my heart,
Once

Once more to ſee thy diſtant tow'rs ariſe.
Oh! may they ſoon receive their ancient lords!

PROTECTOR.

My hopes are ſtrengthen'd by our late ſucceſs.
Good Wincheſter, my very eyes run o'er,
To think how bleſt we've left the lands behind
Dear countrymen! till now I never knew,
How much I lov'd ye. Go, now taſte the joys,
Sprung from old freedom, and old ſettled laws,
Go, as old peace, and concord reign again,
Till your own lands, their increaſe now your own;
And 'neath the ſhade of your accuſtom'd bow'rs,
Purſue the dance, the feſtive board frequent,
And tribes in union meet, to part no more.

CHESTER.

Till now, great Pembroke, I conſider'd war,
Of war productive, but thy loftier ſoul
Can bend rough Mars to nurſe the plant of peace.
Yet, ſtill we've work to do at yonder walls.
The French preſume to threaten an attack;
Let us anticipate—

PROTECTOR.

Pauſe, till we hear
The force, and number of our friends within.
When for her whelps the tigreſs prowls the woods,
She ſoftly treads the brakes, and round the prey
Circles ſlow in many a wily maze,
Till of her aim ſecure, ſhe pounces down,
And ſweeps th' unwary victim to her den.

Thus 'gainſt the French our wily ſnares we'll
ſpread,
Till, ſure of vict'ry, we may ſtrike at once,
And ſave, by policy, expenſe of blood.

WINCHESTER.

Let mercy aim, tho' juſtice bid the blow.

Enter EARL WILLIAM.

EARL WILLIAM.

Oh! father, Oh! my friends, rejoice, rejoice!

PROTECTOR.

Wherefore, my ſon, rejoice?

EARL WILLIAM.

Our fleet—

PROTECTOR.

Ha! what?

EARL WILLIAM.

The Britiſh Navy triumphs ſtill o'er France.

PROTECTOR.

Speak, ſpeak, my ſon, have we diſpers'd her fleet?

EARL WILLIAM.

I've robb'd a panting ſeaman of his news.
Juſt as the mighty fleet of France, began
To land its troops, our ſhips pour'd down amain,
And ſo annoy'd it's rear, that for revenge
It ſtood again to ſea, to cruſh our barks,
Which, having gain'd advantage of the wind,
Bore

Bore down upon it, boarded ſword in hand,
And, tho' but half its number, took the whole.

WINCHESTER.

Thus all their army at one blow is cruſh'd!

PROTECTOR.

Theſe wond'rous tidings ſtrike e'en to my ſoul,
And bid me glorify, where glory's due!
Now then, my gallant brothers, now's the time,
While all our pulſes thus, with vict'ry, beat,
Come, let us catch the frenzy of the hour,
And 'mid the ſtorm, that ſhakes the heav'ns above,
Pour one more dreadful on th' aſtoniſh'd foe,
Teaching them all, by land, as well as ſea,
England will ne'er a foreign maſter brook.

CHESTER.

On, on, and fix again on London's tow'rs
Old England's ſtandard!

Enter LADY SURREY, *wildly.*

LADY SURREY.

Ho! to arms, to arms!
What! ſluggiſh Britons, reſt ye here in eaſe,
When thro' yon city roars the ſound of war,
When foes, in ſwarms, come thund'ring to your camp,
And e'en the heav'ns are battling o'er your heads?
Wait ye a woman's voice, to warn ye forth?

PRO-

PROTECTOR.

Matilda, Oh! my child, whence com'ſt thou thus
Wild and diſtracted? what hath been thy fate?
Where is thy huſband Surrey?

LADY SURREY.

Where's my Surrey?
I know not where he is. I'm almoſt mad.
Ariſe, my father, brother mine, ariſe!
Fly, ruſh at once upon the ſavage French,
And as ye fight your Country's cauſe, exclaim,
That Surrey bids the torch of vengeance blaze,
That Surrey can o'ercome captivity.
Fly, by one effort, ſave him, while ye can.

PROTECTOR.

They dare not ſacrifice thy Surrey's life.
Our ſhips have beaten their expected fleet,
Their army's loſt. They are almoſt in our pow'r.

LADY SURREY.

Then Surrey may be ſav'd! My hero ſav'd!
Come, come, my brother, I am all on fire,
Pembroke, ſhould father, mother, both be loſt,
And ſure the dart that pierces Surrey's breaſt
Will not be far from mine, ſhould death be ours,
My child—Thou know'ſt, thou know'ſt—peace,
peace, fond heart.
Earl William, let thy ſword from hence be mine;
I'll lead where Surrey, ſhould the day be ours—

EARL WILLIAM.

Sweeteſt ſiſter, calm thy troubled boſom!
Here,

Here, for the preſent, in our camp remain,
And truſt thy brother to avenge thy wrongs.

LADY SURREY.

Frenzy o'er-rules my reaſon. Go, go bid
The ſtormy winds lie huſh'd upon the hills,
The raging billows ſmoothen to a calm,
The blazing mountains be convuls'd no more;
Bid me to reſt in peace, when Surrey—No;
Follow, me, brother, I can brave the field!

[*Exit*, EARL WILLIAM *following.*

PROTECTOR.

In truth, I know not how to blame the deed;
'Tis wildly thought, but wild are theſe our times.
Come, lords, let's meet yon haſty foe half-way.
Brave Prelate Wincheſter, and Cheſter bold,
Ride ye thro' either wing of right, and left,
While I exhort the centre of our hoſt;
Tell them, this day, to finiſh their great work,
To drive the French from this their laſt retreat,
And let imperial London own her King!

[*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Field of Battle. Alarm.*

Enter the FRENCH PRINCE, NEVERS, *and* BEAUMONT.

FRENCH PRINCE.

My ſuccours all cut off; my fleet deſtroy'd!

BEAUMONT.

Hear me, my Liege. My fears thus verified—

FRENCH

FRENCH PRINCE.

What tho' they are, we cannot fly the field.

BEAMONT.

Oh! Sir, defection ſpreads on ev'ry ſide;
The reſtleſs Londoners are up in arms,
The've ſtorm'd the caſtles, and the priſons round,
And pour'd at once the captive rabble forth:
E'en now th' inſurgents preſs upon our rear.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Perdition on th' accurſed race! Fly, fly,
Nevers, and turn on them thy choſen corps.

[*Exit* NEVERS.

BEAUMONT.

See, ſee! our ranks give way! Oh! Prince, retire!

FRENCH PRINCE.

Ho! there, fly not, ye cowards. Beaumont, haſte,
Drive the right wing upon the foe again.

[*Alarm. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. AND LAST.—*Another part of the field of battle. Engliſh and French troops croſs the Stage engaging. Alarm.*

Enter SURREY.

SURREY.

Oppoſe my paſſage! Tell the trembling lambs,
To ſtop th' indignant lion with their flocks.
Beat down their ranks, brave Londoners.

[EARL WILLIAM *purſues* BEAUMONT *acroſs the Stage,* LADY SURREY *following.*]

LADY

LADY SURREY.

Vict'ry! [*Seeing* SURREY, *ſhe flies to him.*
My huſband!

SURREY.

Is it truth? how, wherefore, thus,
My bleſt Matilda, genius of my days?

LADY SURREY.

He lives, he lives!

SURREY.

My precious, beſt reward! [*Alarm.*

LADY SURREY.

But, but—Oh! Oh! [*She ſinks.*

SURREY.

Look up; indeed all's well.
Softly, Matilda; Surrey's here himſelf.
Comfort, my own—there, there—

LADY SURREY.

Oh! art thou ſav'd,
From priſons, murders, and from battle ſav'd?

SURREY.

Awaken'd to a ſenſe of all their wrongs,
Uproſe at once upon their foreign lords,
The gallant Londoners, their forces cruſh'd,
Threw open all our priſon-gates again,
And call'd me forth, exulting, to the field,
Thus to partake the glories of this day,
And thus to win my all, in winning thee.

LADY SURREY.

Yet, yet, a thouſand fears diſtract my mind.
This uproar all abroad— *SURREY.*

SURREY.

Oh! let us hence.
We ſoon can gain the Engliſh camp. [*Flouriſh.*
Joy! joy!
Behold the royal ſtandard ſtreams around!

PROTECTOR. (*without.*)

Let mercy flow to all. Spare, ſpare the foe;
And Briton, Briton meet in bands of love.

LADY SURREY.

'Tis he!

Enter the PROTECTOR, *attended.*

My father, and my huſband, both,
Both at my breaſt! This agony's too keen.

PROTECTOR.

My child, my child! My long-loſt, glorious ſon!
I thank thee, heav'n! It is now complete.
My heart ſprings upward with unuſual warmth,
And age ſeems running half-way back to youth.

SURREY.

My gen'rous Sire, be all forgotten thus.

PROTECTOR.

Come on, my ſecond hero, Surrey come.

SURREY.

For England ever!

LADY SURREY.

Surrey, what! again?
Yet, go. Thou art thy Country's, and not mine.

SURREY.

SURREY.

Peerleſs Matilda, but a little while,
And then—

PROTECTOR.

To vict'ry—London is our own,
Where we ſhall meet our Countrymen in peace;
For England's Charter Henry ſhall renew,
And may the troubles that its breach hath caus'd,
Endear that ſacred bulwark of our rights,
To future ſubjects, as to future Kings.

[*Shouts, and flouriſh of trumpets.*

PROTECTOR.

The tyrant yields! My Country's free at laſt!

Flouriſh. Enter the FRENCH PRINCE, *with his train, conducted by* EARL WILLIAM, *and the Engliſh Lords.*

EARL WILLIAM.

My Lord Protector, the French Prince ſubmits,
Acknowledging young Henry England's King.

FRENCH PRINCE.

Abandoned thus by all our followers,
We bend perforce beneath the fate of war;
Yet do we truſt Earl Pembroke's clemency
Will grant all parties honorable terms,
And let us quit this proud, and untam'd Iſle,
To ſeek in ſafety our paternal realms.

PROTECTOR.

Go, prince of France; for thoſe, who, truly free,
Will ne'er be conquer'd, can, as conqu'rors, ſpare.
Go, then, in ſafety, to your own domains,
And tell your Countrymen theſe ſolemn truths,

That Engliſh treach'ry ſacrificed our rights,
But Engliſh virtue won them back by force;
Tell them, by your example greatly warn'd,
Ne'er to aſſail our ſacred Iſle again,
But know that Independence, thro' all times,
Alike will baffle foreign force, or fraud,
And here, in peerleſs ſtate, for ever reign!

The PROTECTOR *comes forward.*

Oh! native land, from hence for ever reſt,
In Freedom, Union, thus ſupremely bleſt!
And ſhould thy Genius, Britain, know a time,
When Civil Diſcord flies from clime to clime;
When with the ſhock each neighb'ring Empire groans,
And Ruin, menacing an hundred thrones,
Shakes Europe's centre with his giant-form—
Calm, and collected, ſhalt thou face the ſtorm;
Within thy ſea-girt rock, ſecurely ſhrin'd,
Shalt ſtand, the guardian of oppreſs'd mankind.
Bleſt in a Prince, whoſe Virtue ſhall deſerve,
Whoſe Spirit, his important truſt preſerve,
Shall ſtill thy ſplendor, in thoſe darkſome days,
Break on the world, with undiminiſh'd blaze,
Survive the fall of each ſurrounding ſtate,
Nor ceaſe, till all Creation yield to fate!

[*The Trumpets ſound, and the Troops ſhout.*

THE END.